

The Property Destroyer.

A Dialogue in a Grocery.

Present.—the Grocer, a Clergyman, a Lawyer, and a poor ragged drunkard, with a bottle in his hand.

Drunkard.—I say, Mister; I say, here; (holding out his bottle.)

Grocer.—What do you want, Joe? I have got nothing for you to day.—You had enough yesterday to last you ten days.

Minister.—I hope you don't fill Joe's bottle every day. I was down at his house a few days ago; and such a scene of wretchedness I never witnessed before. No fuel, but some poor green wood; nothing to eat; children half-starved and crying for bread, and Jo drunk and asleep. Jo, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to treat your wife and children as you do, and make such a beast of yourself.

Drun.—I say, Mister! (holding out his bottle.)

Gro.—Go home, Joe; I shan't sell you any to-day.

Lawyer.—And I guess not, to-morrow. You may as well roll out your barrels, and knock their heads in; for if you do not, we shall do it for you. We are determined to have the Maine Law.

Gro.—Not in your day, nor mine; and if you should get it, I would shoot the first man that should come into my store and seize my property. I should view it as downright robbery, and I would treat a man who would do it, as I would a pirate on the ocean.

Min.—Hold, neighbor; you don't view it right. Consider, in the first place, you are not bound to keep this species of property. In the second place, if you keep it and offer to sell it, you do it contrary to law; and thirdly, you do it, knowing it will be seized and destroyed.

Gro.—I care nothing about your firstly, secondly, and thirdly—keep them for your sermons. I tell you this property is mine, and I have a right to do with it as I please. I may give or sell it to whom I please, and touch it if you dare.

Law.—(laughing)—I should love to see you carry out your principles. You have a mad dog, and your neighbors, fearing their children may be bitten, combine together and shoot it; and, as they shoot, you shoot, because it is your property. Or you sell licentious books and pictures, and the sheriff comes and seizes and burns them, and you up with your gun to shoot him down. I think as he went down, you would be apt to go up—on a gallows.

Gro.—I don't care about your reasoning; no man has a right to take another's property without fair remuneration. If he does, he is a thief and a robber, and should have a place for ten years in a State prison.

Drun.—(grinning)—Mister, I say; you speak my mind x-actly. You've got father's farm, hav'nt you? What did you give for it? Your cursed rum. I say give me back what was mine. You came and took it and said it was yours, and turned me off. You know you did.

Min.—Surely, neighbor, out of your own mouth you are condemned. You have been the greatest destroyer of property in all this neighborhood.—You have taken away all this poor fellow's land, and he had a very pretty place which his father left him, when I came here. You have seized it all, and destroyed it for him, and what have you given him in return? You sold Dick Williams rum, and he went drunk, with a cigar in his mouth, into a barn, and set fire to that barn, and burnt it up, full of hay, horses and oxen. You have seized our money to pay the taxes you have imposed upon us, to build poor houses for your poor drunkards, with their forsaken wives and children, to build

jails to hold the criminals you have excited to deeds of murder. You and your craft have turned rail trains from their iron path, and thrown them down precipices, wasting and destroying thousands of property, and lives too. You have sunk ships in the ocean, or stranded them on the coast. Not less than a hundred millions you and your fellows have destroyed in a year. It would take a Maine law a thousand years to destroy as much property as you and your brother liquor sellers do in ten. And yet you say a destroyer of property is a thief and a villain, and should find his bed in a State prison. My friend, what would be your doom if you had your deserts?

Gro.—I don't like to hear any more of your talk. As long as men want rum, I shall sell it to them; and it is impertinent in you to meddle with my business.

Law.—All right, neighbor; only never open your lips against the Maine Law again, as the destroyer of property. That destroys only what is a curse, and can never be a blessing.—Every angel in heaven rejoices when it is poured out, though every devil may gnash his teeth for rage. But you waste and destroy property that is valuable. You destroy business; you cause nettles to grow over the farm; you waste, but never replenish food and clothing; you beggar once comfortable and happy families; aye, you destroy health, and life, and souls—the very image of God in the soul of man you quench and blot out, and only fit it for eternal burnings. You go against the Maine Law, because it destroys property, and we go against your abominable business, because it destroys property. O! quit it forever.

Drun.—I say, Mister, give me my farm. It is all mine.

Gro.—Gentlemen, I must lock up; (they retire, and he bars his windows.) O, what shall I do with this Maine Law if it comes! It will ruin me, as I have ruined hundreds of others. I feel sorry for many families around me. I wish I could restore them the property I have taken for rum of husbands, fathers and sons, now all dead. Shame forbids my doing it. But God knows what a life I have lived; what a moth and curse I have been to this community! I only pray, that for destroying others, he will not destroy me and mine.

[Exit.]

LIBERTY.—Some of our gin-loving neighbors are croaking and hiccuping loudly about the loss of their liberty which must naturally follow the passage of the Maine Law.—We don't acknowledge the application of the word to any but the rum-seller. It gives him a scope for liberty broader than the pirate assumes when he trifles with the purses and then the lives of those whom he may chance to meet on the high seas. There is a town in Ohio, containing less than 2000 inhabitants, where the same rum-seller's liberty is enjoyed, and out of that number they succeed in giving one man every month, on an average, the supreme felicity and sweet liberty of going to the grave, a miserable, debased, and degraded drunkard. This is the liberty which is so highly prized by the rummies and which they are so fearful of losing.—Crusader.

Who is GEORGE WASHINGTON?—The question has been asked, "Who is Jas. K. Polk?" and answered too; but who would believe that the same question was once asked in regard to Geo. Washington?

The London Daily News says that there is an old English newspaper extant, wherein may be seen the inquiry, "Who is George Washington?" and the paper goes on to inform its readers that this Georgey is an obscure militia-man, who can't help meddling with matters he does not understand, and who will soon be mercifully remanded to obscurity in Virginia, if he does not provoke his betters too far.—Moreover, the reader is desired to judge of him by the company he keeps, one of his intimate friends being a dirty printer's man, named Ben Franklin.



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MATTHIAS C. WILLIAMS' ESTATE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, have been appointed Executors, on the estate of M. C. Williams, late of College Hill, Hamilton county, Ohio, deceased.

March, 2d, 1853.

S. F. CARY, C. N. OLDS

JOHN S. WHITWELL'S ESTATE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed Administrator, with the will annexed, on the estate of John S. Whitwell, late of College Hill, Hamilton county, Ohio, deceased.

March, 2d, 1853.

S. F. CARY.

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Being a member of the above Orders, I am prepared at all times to furnish everything appearing thereto with punctuality and despatch. Knight Templars, Royal Arch and Master Masons, Red Men, Druids, Temple of Honor, Brotherhood of the Union, and Good Fellows' Clothing made, of the best quality and material. Emblems, Jewels and Staffs made, always on hand.

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